COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
Columbia, S. C.

The Floods in Austria

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their requests; fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

—A prayer of St. Chrysostom
(c.350-407 A.D.).

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. Walter J. Graig.....President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D.....Vice-President
Dr. David J. Fant.....Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith.....Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years; 10c per copy

VOL. XXXV
No. 5

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
1954

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-Monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXXV SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
No. 5 1954

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Donkey Disposition

"I am perplexed and depressed," said a missionary in Poland. This sister in Christ was easily offended and proud. "Have you ever read Ephesians 4.22?" I inquired. She hesitated, so I read the verse: "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." "Impossible for me," she exclaimed; "my family is afflicted with violent tempers. I have often been told that I have a stubborn, 'donkey' disposition."

"Why did Jesus cry from the Cross, 'It is finished?' " I asked her. She was silent. "Look once more to Calvary, humbly seeking light and power. You will soon see the corruption of the old man, and by His grace 'put it off' and obey the Scripture with a new song of victory."

She bowed her head, saying, "I have struggled and failed. I can't overcome by culture or strict resolutions. All fail." I then gave my own testimony, how the Lord opened up the fourth chapter of Ephesians, and the corrupt old nature was "put off." Theatrical life had left a donkey temper, which I imagined was a talent to control others with authority. The Holy Spirit broke me down. I was having success in soul-winning. But at the Cross I saw the Light of God, and my corrupt old man was found to be full of pride and keen for success. Thank God, I was broken down, and then came the victory. The sister wept, and we knelt in prayer. She discovered the way of true holiness.

Queen Victoria had a pet donkey that drew Her Majesty round Windsor Park in a special carriage. She confessed to her tenants, whom she visited, that the fourth chapter of Ephesians had brought new blessings into her life. The stubborn donkey in the heart had been overcome, and the new man in Christ was in control. She was a brave Queen to tell her tenants how God had blessed her.

Today we all feel the need of spiritual victory in the battle of life. The world talks glibly of "peace, personal peace and universal peace." What folly, when the Peacemaker is rejected and crucified afresh by scoffers and persecutors.

I believe the Lord is calling the American-European Fellowship to "arise and shine," and give a clear, ringing testimony at home and abroad. The closing messages of the fourth chapter of Ephesians are very searching: "Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (4.32). Will you respond: "O Lord, my God and Saviour, help me to arise and shine. Use me to witness of Thy forgiving love and grace. Give me a holy boldness, and a fearless message of conviction, for His Name's sake. Amen."

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Dane Park, Margate, England.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

The Floods in Austria

Vienna, July 26, 1954.

My Dear Friends and Prayer-helpers:—

I want to greet you with Psalm 73.25,26, words that are very appropriate to the great sorrows of our day: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." When we see everything else perish, God is there. What a comfort!

My poor Austria may very well call this a year of catastrophe. At the very beginning of 1954, things started to happen, and they are getting worse all the time. In the winter we had those terrible avalanches in the Tyrol that caused the death of so many families, and the loss of homes and property of many others. At Easter the terrible accident happened at Dachstein, where we had to mourn the tragic death of the eleven German boys and their teachers, who lost their lives in the terrific snowstorm. Then came the season of the continuous heavy rains and frost in the spring, just at the blossom-time of the fruit-trees, when we should have had warmth and sunshine for the bees to fly out and do their work of fructification. The blossoms were simply drowned, and the harvest was destroyed from the beginning. There will be very little fruit of any kind this year. Now the hay on the meadows is rotting in many places, and so is the grain of all kinds, on account of the continuous rains. For two days now we have had fine weather and sunshine, but the damage is done. And now, worst of all, comes this terrible, indescribable flood, that has destroyed thousands of acres of fertile soil, by turning the fields into immense, all-encompassing lakes of muddy water, which slowly subsides, leaving a miry waste.

The full amount of the damage cannot yet be realized, nor the consequences thereof. The loss of the harvest in Upper Austria alone is roughly estimated at three hundred millions at least. The wheat and barley were standing high and beautiful, ready for the harvest, but now everything is buried under a deep layer of mud and mire, where for years to come no harvest can be expected, and also, fifty per cent of the cattle have been lost.

As floods always do, it came so suddenly, with such terrific force, that people in many places could not save a thing, but had just to run, and be glad to escape alive. A gentleman who is head official at a large establishment said cheerfully to a friend, only a few days before the flood: "I have worked long enough; at the end of this year I shall stop working, take my pension, and enjoy my home during my declining years." When the flood came, the same friend met him again: he was clothed in a shabby suit, wet through and through, and he said: "Look at me! This is all I possess. Everything is gone except the house. If only that holds, I will not complain, but keep on working until I can replace the most necessary things." But the house did not hold, although it was a brick building. The whole roof of another house came whirling along at a great speed, hit the corner of it, and it came down, and was gone in a moment.

A young woman said: "My husband and I moved all our possessions to the attic of the one-story house where we lived, thinking they would be safe there. But the water kept rising all the time, and by the time we came home from work, it had reached the roof. So again we moved our things, in a boat, to a brick building that stood higher up and seemed to be out of the danger zone. It was hard work, and we had to use all our strength and will-power to do it. But it would be well worth while, we thought, if only we could save our

furniture and other possessions. But it was all in vain: this building too was flooded, and came down with everyone in it. For ten years we had saved, had denied ourselves every little pleasure and every comfort, to prepare a nice little home for our children, that we also could enjoy in our old age; and now everything is gone, we have nothing besides the clothes we wear." This is the sad experience of tens of thousands of homeless families.

And there were things lost that were still more precious than these. From a high bridge, people were watching the wild stream, and the swirling debris which it carried along. All at once a cradle came floating down in the middle of the turmoil, with a little live baby in it. Rescue was impossible, and spellbound the people watched. Then suddenly the cradle was caught in a whirlpool and was gone. A cry of sympathy and distress went up from the crowd on the bridge, and all was over; but where is the poor mother? God alone knows; may He comfort her!

An old man was clinging to the roof of his house; a police-boat came to rescue him, but he would not let go his hold. "I don't want to be saved, I will not leave my home, I want to go under with it!" he cried, and struggled to get free of the hands of his rescuers. He was insane, the shock had been too much for him, and he had to be taken down by force, when he would not listen to kind words, He fought and struggled so wildly that he had to be strapped down to keep him from overturning the boat.

If there were not more lives lost—we do not know yet how many are gone, maybe ten to twenty, a remarkably low number in a catastrophe of such extent—it is because everybody who could, was ready to help. Without sparing their own lives, they worked day and night to rescue people from flooded houses and roofs and trees where they had taken refuge. Broken dams were built up, and others which were in danger were fortified by rocks and sandbags. Americans and Russians of the occupation forces worked side by side with our own men. Everything was forgotten for the time being, except the need and the danger at hand. Oh, why can't it always be like that? Why must there be wars and hatred and destruction? American airplanes dropped food packages into isolated towns and villages where people were starving, and also carried persons out of the most dangerous places. You can imagine how grateful we are for their help. A very sad thing happened in Vienna when a Russian automobile, which was just rushing out to help fortify a dam at the Danube, overturned, and two Russian soldiers were killed and others hurt. This was a cause of deep regret for Austria.

Many roads and highways were under water, about forty-three towns and villages were completely surrounded and cut off, and in sixty-one places the floods rose to the height of the first floor. About 136 bridges were torn away, dams broke, and at seventeen points the railroads were washed out, so that the trains could not pass. In Vienna the Danube turned into an enormous lake, filling the vast inundation district, that had been prepared for such occasions, almost to the top of the dam. Luckily the dam held and did not break, or many lives would have been lost there.

Upper Austria and its environs were the hardest hit. The cleaning of the streets of Linz, the capital, from mud and mire will cost at least two and a half millions. But the same mud that was left in the streets was also deposited in the stores and homes. Many of these stood completely under water, with only the top of their roofs showing. One can well imagine what the returning owners will find, and how their furniture, beds, clothes, linens, walls and everything else will look. Some had locked the doors, thinking everything would be safe inside the house, but in some mysterious way the flood lifted the doors off their hinges, and the furniture floated out into the rushing water and was carried away, nobody knows where.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of houses have been destroyed, and many others are tottering on the verge of collapse. It touches the heart to see how the stricken people, when they return and find nothing but ruin and destruction, start right in to build up again. They don't just stand by wringing their hands, but use them to rescue what is left, fortifying the broken walls, gathering together boards and other wood to build huts and stables, so as to have a roof over their heads, and shelter for the few animals that are left. But of course they cannot possibly get out of this terrible condition alone; they need help. And it is wonderful to see how eager people are to help and to sacrifice, and how support is coming from inside and outside of our stricken country. There is need of everything: money, clothes (mostly large sizes), household goods of all kinds, bedding and furniture.

God certainly is speaking clearly and sternly, not only to Austria, but to all mankind. He shows us how weak and helpless we are, even the biggest and smartest and strongest of us, when He permits such forces of nature to break in upon us. At such times, we realize how dependent we are on His mercy and His protecting power. But people in general do not listen, and do not understand God's voice.

Our fervent prayer in these days is that God may have mercy upon Austria, may open many hearts, and make people willing to return to Him. May all the poor people, who had to go through this horror and mortal fear, and who have lost so much, in many cases all they had, not grow bitter and clench their fists against God in their sorrow and helpless despair, but rather humble themselves before Him, and confess their need of a Saviour and an Almighty God, who will take care of them and give them the assurance of eternal life. If this were the result of such misery, then this terrible trial would not have been in vain.

As always at such times, many touching incidents have been observed, and it would be well worth the while to relate some of them, but space will not permit. Just one thing I want to relate, to remind us that animals suffer just like human beings. A farmer told another man as he was rowing around his flooded farm: "My family and the animals had been rescued by some men in the evening, but there was no room in the boat for me, or I would have had to leave a cow behind. So I decided to stay on the roof of my farmhouse overnight, until someone would come to fetch me in the morning. I was quite alone, with nothing but water all around, far and wide. But then I noticed, a short distance away, on a small piece of elevated ground that was not yet covered by the flood, about fifteen deer, some hares and pheasants and other small creatures, and even a fox in their midst, all crowded together in a little huddle, awaiting death. When it got dark I lost sight of them, and I settled down for a watchful night on my roof. I must have dozed off a little, when a piercing cry startled me. The water had risen higher and higher, and when the poor helpless creatures on the hill realized their doom, they began to cry in the agony of death. I never knew that deer could cry like that. It was pitiful and terrible, and I covered my ears, so as not to hear them. But I kept on hearing them all the same, until their cries floated away and at last stopped for ever. At the dawn of the morning, men came with a boat to get me, but I shall never forget those awful death-cries of the frightened animals." Many hundreds of deer and hares and pheasants and other small creatures of the woods have perished; their rotting carcasses lie heaped up in the bushes.

Much more could be told, for example, how children tried to save all kinds of frightened animals. A ten-year-old boy had collected together in his room a deer, some hares, a woodcock, some dogs and cats and chickens, a pheasant, some canaries and love-birds, several swallows which had come in to seek refuge, and a few other birds. Some of the animals the child had

pulled out of the water, thereby endangering his own life, but he was very happy at having been able to save them. And there they were, tame ones and wild creatures of the woods, staying peacefully together, almost as they did in Noah's ark, awaiting the time when the water would subside, and the door be opened to them to go back to freedom and life again.

Space does not permit me to say more, so I shall close with the earnest request that our dear friends in America pray with us and for us, that God may give us wisdom, tenderness, and much unselfish love, so that we may find the right way to the hearts of the stricken ones, that we may speak the words of comfort that will not hurt nor antagonize, but rather be a balm to sore and wounded hearts, and make them realize that God loves them after all, and will lift them out of temporal and eternal need and sorrow, if they will only trust Him.

God bless you all, and keep you protected in the hollow of His hand.

Lovingly and gratefully yours in Christ,

EMMY H. STEYRER.

(The need continues to be great. The Fellowship will receive gifts for flood relief, and will transmit them to CARE or other suitable agencies. —Editor.)

A Roving Ministry

St. Petersburg, Florida, and visiting various places in New Jersey and New York, Spring and Summer, 1954.

"O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"—Psalm 107.8.

Dear Friends:—

It gives me joy to share with you something of what the Lord has been pleased to do in my ministry to Israel. In spite of infirmities and hindrances, trips to Bay and Gulf beaches were made during the season 1953-1954. Illness came near preventing these trips, but God graciously made them possible, granting me the necessary strength, in answer to prayer.

A goodly number of Jewish tourists frequent a small Bay resort near the city of St. Petersburg. In this place good contacts are possible, so one or two trips are made to it each week during the season. Here the distribution of literature, and personal evangelism, have been blessed by God. A leader in the new Jewish Community Center lets me witness to him when no one else is around, but he also accepts literature when in a group of his fellow-Hebrews, thus encouraging them to accept it too.

On one occasion I approached a Jewish lady, who was sun-bathing on a blanket near the water-front, with a word of greeting. She was inclined to a discussion, so invited me to be seated on the blanket beside her. During the next half-hour or so, God's plan of salvation, and our need of it as sinners, were unfolded to her from the Old and New Testaments. The Spirit granted me liberty to speak, and she smilingly drank in every word. Meanwhile, her husband was engaged in a conversation with a group of other Jewish people nearby. He came over for a few words with us, then returned to his friends.

Before leaving his wife, I offered her some portions of God's Word, and expressed the desire to see her again, but was told that their visit would terminate in a day or two. However, several days later I encountered her with

her husband and two other couples, at another beach. Upon seeing me, the husband hurried toward me with outstretched hands, saying: "Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere. I want something more to read. Give me anything you have!" He was pleased with the New Testament and other literature which I offered him, but his spirit was somewhat dampened when one in his company whispered, "Missionary propaganda!" These dear ones need our fervent prayer. They have so much against them.

A Tampa Bay health spa was visited frequently during the winter of 1953-1954. At the height of the season, some 180 to 200 Jewish people are here for recuperation. Numbers of them are coming and going continually, and this gives us new opportunities at each visit. At times one may have only a few encounters, at others, perhaps twenty to forty persons may be reached. On one occasion I found about forty guests lounging about the patio of this health resort. I silently asked the Lord for grace to witness to them, and the assurance of liberty in speaking was given me. Just inside the gate stood three men, who declined to accept literature, but were willing to enter into conversation. After answering some of their questions, and quoting several passages from the Word of God, I proceeded to the next group, then on to others, distributing the Word to those who would receive it, and witnessing to all who would hear. Blessed liberty was experienced, until nearly everyone had been reached.

As I was leaving the patio, I noticed that the three men at the entrance had been watching every move I had made. One of them approached me as I neared the exit, saying: "You've given something to read to every one, but to that group in the corner. They need it more than any of us!" I was challenged to return and speak to the group he indicated; to my shame it must be confessed, I had passed them by previously, because they were playing cards. I asked their permission to leave some Bible portions with them, and this was granted. As I returned to the exit, the spokesman approached me once more, and said: "That's hot stuff you're handing out. It's loaded!" I asked him what he meant. He said: "It's highly controversial, but they're taking it from you, and they like it! One party just remarked, 'Here is a Christian lady with the interest of Israel at heart.'" It was a joy and a privilege to minister to those lost sheep of the house of Israel.

On making another visit to this health spa, I found that the doctor who operates it was standing in the midst of twenty-five or thirty of his guests, on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. He watched me; and the guests seemed indifferent to my endeavors. But as I approached the doctor with a greeting, he astonished all of us by extending his hand in response and saying, "I'm glad to see you." He had accepted a New Testament and other literature on previous occasions. Please pray for the doctor, his family, guests and staff, some of whom are not very friendly. Ask that God may keep this door open.

Homes and shops in St. Petersburg were visited also, and God graciously gave me new contacts in a number of places. It has been a special privilege to minister comfort to some who were ill, and to several who have been bereaved of their loved ones. What sorrows of heart these must endure, who have not the comfort of God's Word, nor of faith in it, as we have.

In St. Petersburg, the weekly meeting of the prayer-group for Israel was blessed by a fairly good attendance and interest during the season, at times eight or ten persons taking part. This has been very encouraging. But now that the tourists have left, the attendance has decreased, leaving us only three or four at each meeting. We need and covet the prayer-fellowship of our readers, and we do thank God for every friend He is pleased to give us.

In the leading of God in answer to prayer, I am now on a trip North for recuperation, and have already visited several places in New Jersey and New

York. The change has benefited me considerably. There have been opportunities to witness to Jewish souls along the way. In Yonkers it was a joy to minister to about ten persons one afternoon, and perhaps twenty the following day. The Jewish New Year and Day of Atonement being near, the time is appropriate for giving out the Word of God, with a gentle warning of the seriousness of the day of judgment for sin, while God's atonement is rejected. May God turn hearts to Himself, and be merciful to many in Israel!

In Yonkers I also enjoyed a blessed time of relaxation with Dr. Smith at the home office of the Fellowship. We are grateful for the Christian love, interest and encouragement that have been shown. May God richly bless our officers and all our Fellowship friends.

With love in the Lord Jesus Christ to all,

JEAN W. RHODE.

(Perhaps work in this country holds less appeal for our readers than service abroad, but the gifts coming in for Miss Rhode have never measured up to one-tenth of her own sacrificial labor of love. It has been necessary to make up the differences from the General Fund, not once or twice, but constantly, month by month, year by year. These things should not be. —Editor.)

The Voice of Argentina

Bowen, Mendoza, July 23, 1954
(translated from the Russian).

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:—

We are very sorry to be somewhat late in writing you, since your letter and check of June 30th were received in good time. This last month we have been very busy. We had several guests, fellow-workers, with whom we held special meetings, both in the colony and also in our town of Bowen. We had daily meetings and house-to-house visitation. May the Lord bless and prosper all the seed that was sown. As you know, we are now in the midst of winter, with its frequent changes of weather. The whole of June was damp and rainy. July began with frosts and cold winds. Still, by the mercy of God, we feel better this winter, and are able to work continually among the settlers here. Our regular meetings in Bowen are always well attended. We decided to have one meeting a week for the study of the Word of God, besides our other meetings for edification, for invitation, and for prayer. The people are always especially interested in the meetings or lessons for the study of God's Word.

Not long ago we made the acquaintance of a certain Russian, a Georgian, who is a doctor of medicine, and we have come to know him and his wife very well. They live in the neighboring town, the colony of Alvear. They came here after the last war as DP's, or refugees, from Germany. He is an excellent doctor, having finished his course at Moscow University, as well as his medical training, and he had a good practice, both in Soviet Russia and in Germany. Here they are having certain trials and difficulties, as immigrants who are somewhat limited in their choice of a profession. The Lord wonderfully helped us to meet and become acquainted with them, and then to become good friends. They began to attend our meetings, and everything pleased them. They are reading the Word of God with interest, and complying with it. They are still young people. Not long ago, after a meeting, they spent the night at our house, and we had a good deal of talk together. They gave us, especially

my wife, some good medical advice. Pray with us for these dear souls, that the Lord may definitely speak to their hearts and make them His children, and the instruments of His glory, to bring a blessing to others.

When you make mention of your departed parents, we always seem to see before us, in particular, your father, always lively, active, attentive, sympathetic. How much pains he took for us, and how anxious he was for our well-being! How often, as I recall, he used to chide us lovingly for working beyond our strength, and advised us to take care of our health. With all our hearts we are always grateful to the Lord, dear Ekaterina Normanovna, that we came to know, and worked for so many years with, your parents and yourself. The Lord Himself brought all this about in such a wonderful way.

(August 25th.) Again I am somewhat late in writing. Your letter, with the check, was received in good time. With all our hearts we are grateful to you for your kind concern and for this timely help. The time glides by so swiftly and imperceptibly. Our springtime is already drawing near. The winter, with its cold winds, rains and wet snow, is passing. We will have a couple of months of more or less moderate weather, and then the hot, oppressive summer will begin. During this past winter the Lord has preserved us, and has wonderfully helped us in the work, both in the large Slavonic colony known as "Scandinavia," where there is a spacious prayer-house and where regular meetings are conducted, and also in our own town of Bowen. The meetings in this town have been conducted in the evenings, three times a week, in a private house. The number of persons attending them gradually increased, till the room could not hold them. Thank God, a certain brother who has a house of his own offered us a small hall for these meetings, which will be more roomy and suitable. A few indifferent persons, living in the town and its environs, and considering themselves believers, had grown indifferent and even passed over to the world, but when the meetings began, they woke up again, and also some outsiders began to come. Not long ago we had the joy, at the request of a certain Ukrainian woman who is ill, of coming to her house with our whole chorus, singing psalms, reading the Word of God, giving our testimony, and praying. She then gave herself to the Lord, and promised that, as soon as she gets well, she will come to our meetings, and serve the Lord with us. Her husband's attitude is also sympathetic. May the Lord send a revival in this city, and build up His Church. We ask your prayers to that end.

In the above-mentioned colony of "Scandinavia" some very successful meetings are going on. We often have special meetings, with programs given by the children and young people, which are always well attended. Here is a wonderful opportunity to witness to the young folks who come, and to instruct them in the Lord, so that in due time they may be led to Christ their Saviour. But first there is need of patient labor, and then comes the harvest.

In our main center, in Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, we have now undertaken the great task of building a prayer-house. The need of this is very greatly felt; it has hindered our spiritual work, and hampered all progress. People have gradually been coming into the capital from everywhere, both believers, inquirers, and those who do not know the truth, and we had no suitable place; in many localities we had to conduct the meetings in small flats. There was not a single place where it was possible to do anything. We hired one large hall in the center, in the Church of the Argentine Baptists, but we could do this only once a week. To secure a lot for the building of a prayer-house in the capital was far beyond the power of our poverty-stricken brothers. Many of them did not even have a single corner for themselves and their families. However, regardless of all difficulties, we decided to proceed, in faith, with the purchase of a lot in a very good part of the city, near one of the main streets, Rivadavia, where communications are excellent. This was

no easy thing, and it was not without fear that we decided to undertake this affair. The lot cost 100,000 Argentine pesos, about seven thousand dollars. We had to raise this sum immediately, but we had very little cash in hand. With great difficulty we arranged a loan for a short time, partly from the funds of the Argentine Baptist Convention, partly from other places. With fervent prayer, faith, and reliance on the Lord and His unchanging promises, this first important and decisive step was taken. Often the enemy of the Lord's work would whisper to us that we had made a great mistake, that we had taken a wrong step, and would be subject to shame and ridicule before all, and especially before the world. But we prayed, and did what we could. The debt had to be paid off very soon, in installments which came due at a fixed time. The Church treasury, the Women's Organization, the Youth Group, and the Sunday School all had a part in this. And now, thanks be to God, the whole debt has been paid off on time. The Argentine brotherhood has extended its congratulations on our promptness in meeting this obligation. And so now we have our own plot of ground, a site for building our prayer-house, in the beautiful center of the capital, Buenos Aires. Glory to God! We were not left in shame. The Lord is always merciful. He did not allow us to be subjected to defamation and mockery. Our joy is great, and with all our hearts we are grateful to God for the great victory which He has given us.

Being strengthened in faith and reliance upon God after such a victory, the Church decided not to stand still on its course, but to continue the work which it had begun. It appointed a Building Commission, which was entrusted with the further care of this project. It was decided to select a construction engineer to draw us a plan of the prayer-house. Such a plan costs about six thousand Argentine pesos. But the Lord enabled us to find just the right man, a believer, a German Pole. He drew up a beautiful plan of the house, with a fine spacious basement, a large auditorium and a gallery above, and a yard in the rear. He made a number of petitions to the governor and the municipality concerning the ratification of the construction plan. And all this he did gratis; it was only necessary to cover the various expenses, running to about two thousand Argentine pesos.

After this we began to look for a master contractor to handle the cement and concrete work. It was not easy to find such a man at a price that we could afford to pay. They were all asking an unusually high price, pointing out to us the great cost of materials and labor. Finally we got acquainted with a certain excellent specialist in this kind of work, an Italian, and we made a contract for him to do the cement and concrete work for 116,000 Argentine pesos. The work as a whole will be under the oversight of Brother Gross, the above-mentioned engineer who drew up the plans, and it will also be supervised by the Church commission. With the contractors and the engineer, before we signed the contract, we all prayed fervently, asking God's blessing upon this important work for His glory, and for the salvation of many souls.

On the second day after this, about twenty-five brethren went to the site, and some of the sisters too; they cut down some trees, cleared the ground, and put things in order. Next week, if we are not hindered by heavy rains, we shall undertake the actual work. The payment for the cement and concrete work is also to be made in installments. According to the latest information we have received, the work is already under way, and going slowly forward. The members of the Church are trying in every possible way, both by their sacrificial offerings, and by the labor of their hands, but this is still far from being sufficient. According to the approximate estimate, the prayer-house will cost not less than half a million pesos (500,000 pesos), not including the large amount of money which will be necessary, after the construction is finished, for all the furnishings and equipment, such as the pews, pulpit,

and so on. The Church has about three hundred members, but some of them are still young, and are not earning anything; some are poor, out of work, themselves in need of help, and only a few are able to bring their offerings. In spite of all this, hitherto the Lord has wonderfully helped us. May He look upon all this, and help us still further, so that we may carry on to its victorious conclusion this great and wonderful work for His glory and for the salvation of souls. We earnestly request all children of God to pray about this matter.

Yours in His service,
JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

(Will you "buy a brick" in this South American house of prayer? Contributions for this purpose should be marked, "For the Prayer-House," and sent to us in the usual way, and we will forward them to Brother Kovalchuk. —Editor.)

A Summer Bible Camp

Ludwigsburg, August, 1954.

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!" (Psalm 8.9).

This was the theme of our Summer Bible camp, whence we have just returned. The twelve days of strenuous labor have passed into history—what will be the result? To the participants it was a time of recuperation, but to us, the workers, a labor of love, though a strain in every respect. It was a delight to present the wonderful names of the Lord to the young hearts, still receptive of instruction.

For weeks before, we had to spend our time and attention in producing material for the lessons and handwork, in order to be ready. It is more work this way, but more satisfactory to know that we are in the plan of the real Gospel presentation. Following our usual schedule, we had daily three hours' instruction in the morning, and two or three in the afternoon. Of course there was singing, and memory work, and the children were encouraged to find additional names of the Lord, some having registered over 150 different ones. Stressing the soon coming of the Lord proved an incentive to more serious thinking, even though children will be also children, in many ways. What we appreciated was the absence of the often-used excuse, "Our church does not teach thus." But as we faced the facts in the Word, it turned around, "Why does the church not teach thus?"

One of the sad facts is that the "church" of either denomination is just satisfied to teach some church rules, even though they have a Scriptural background. The children soon realize, if shown the other side, that there is a definite lack in that teaching, leaving them ignorant of real salvation. This was evident as most of the children asked to be dealt with even on this point of personal salvation, and to be prayed with, for forgiveness of sins. We were thankful for the use of our folding organ, which helped to make the singing really inspiring. Of course we had to have strict rules, but the children's remarks showed how they took it all. One was overheard to say: "Anyone who doesn't like it here, is dumb!" On the Sunday, after returning, some asked: "When do we go again?" And one said, "Let's go Monday again!"

Only three of the twenty-six had been with us before, and had turned to the Lord then. One boy of thirteen was very much taken up with play, giving a bad example, instead of bringing others to the Lord. He came to see his mistake, during the latter part of the camp session, and asked forgiveness. Others followed, asking forgiveness for disturbing the work. The break came after a morning watch, when we read together the eighth chapter of John, with various comments on sections of it. I stressed some very serious points, as walking in darkness, dying in sins, killing the Lord Jesus, and being responsible for the perishing of those, for whom the Lord died. Some of the children had been with us only a short time before, and never had any definite teaching about salvation.

One boy and four girls were given Bibles for learning to recite the names of the books of the Bible. One boy of fourteen made a real surrender, as manifested in his life. All but one of the girls requested that we pray with them; that one was smaller and still childish in her ways. Most of them thanked the Lord for bringing them to hear His Word and find salvation. A thirteen-year-old girl showed much happiness, and said she would tell her mother about salvation. But she found her mother not ready for it; she could not comprehend what it was all about. A really sad darkness holds the people, with all their "churchianity." One girl said she would tell the other girls at home, even if they laughed at her, as she expected them to do. One did not dare to take a New Testament home with her, knowing her stepfather would burn it. The parents, misinformed themselves, are often the hindrance to all.

What may illustrate the spirit that moved among the children, was this: that some gave up the chance to see the town, in order to stay behind and have groups for prayer, boys and girls separate. Also during the recreation period, instead of playing, some asked for interviews and prayer for salvation. Some came repeatedly, asking questions on the Bible and the Christian life, as contrasted to the church life. There is a clever trick practised here, of closing the saloons on confirmation day, and making their facilities available for the entertainment of the young folks. This introduces them to the beer-halls, where they congregate thereafter, but seldom darken the church doors again.

A favorite time for the children was after supper, when we read to them, translating while reading, two books: "The True Mystery Solved," dealing with incidents in the life of youth, and the life of David Livingstone. The third book, "Phil Tyler's Opportunity," was not finished, till we ourselves should have another opportunity. It was not always easy, and we had to take a firm hand to decide against what may have seemed a right thing. For instance, some had a few pennies and wanted to buy sweets with it. But our rule was that all be alike, in food, sleeping, and everything; so no exception was made, as it would have seemed like a discrimination against those who did not have anything extra. Some children, who had been at orphanages and other camps, related what mischief had been done, when older supervisors were absent. For a while they regretted not having such liberty, but soon learned to obey instructions.

Even the housekeeper of the Youth Hostel, where the camp was held (for lack of other facilities), was impressed with our handling of the group. It was a contrast to what she had observed in other groups that had been there. She even let her own boy attend our classes, of which he was very fond. Of course, the work also made an impression on the neighborhood, as people listened to the songs, etc.

The burden of the cooking lay again on our convert, Mrs. K., in a double way. The volunteer helper, who was with us on a previous occasion, was detained at home because of the harvest. As we do not pay salaries, we have to depend on volunteers. Thus the aunt of one of the girls offered to help, claiming to have had some experience. But that proved to be only in an administrative way, as she had been occupied in the office of the church superintendent. She was visiting here from Berlin, and it was good that her vacation came to a close, as she was not used to put an active hand to the work, and what little she did, took her ever so long. Finally a practical housewife, mother of two girls then with us, took her place, to the great relief of Mrs. K. Mrs. Lukesh could only occasionally look in and direct what to do, while I myself had the task of doing the marketing. Of course you, under the Lord, supplied the wherewithal.

It would be interesting to know the reaction of the Berlin visitor to what she saw in our group. To say the least, she was surprised, and if her mind, prejudiced to churchly ways, was open enough, she might have taken a lot of good information along with her, especially as to the state of her soul. The second helper proved to be more able and open-hearted, and one of the results manifested thus far was, that she came to our meeting in her camp, which we had the day after returning home. She had not been there before, just as some others are afraid to come, lest they may lose their religion. That is the way some seem to look at it, not realizing they would find Christ, whom they do not know. Please remember us in prayer, that real fruit may prove who has actually come to a believing faith, that will last and grow. Thank you for your faithful upholding of us in the past, and may the Lord give you also abundant fruit in all your labors.

In the Master's glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

(Without asking Brother Lukesh's permission, we feel that we must share with you a paragraph from a personal letter, which he wrote shortly after sending the above report. He says: "You are kind enough to ask Edna if she needs a dress or anything. She can get along without additional dresses, but not without a car. We had a piston pin break, which broke the crank-bar, and that broke the motor block. We had to be towed to the 'Autobahn' at night, and the next day had to have a new motor put in. It happened so quickly that the car stopped quite short, and we thank the Lord that the other cars, following us, did not pile on the top of us, which would have resulted in quite a smashup, if not loss of life. There was a divine protection, even in the mishap and loss. It cost us over two hundred dollars. Without a car we would be crippled in our work." We would like to request special prayer in this connection. It would be a privilege to send Charles and Edna extra help at this difficult time, but we have nothing left in their fund, besides their regular monthly allowance. As Charles says, the car is vital in their work.—Editor.)

All-Anniversary Number

The Christmas issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD will be an all-anniversary number, with pictures and biographical sketches of the various missionaries, arranged in order of the length of their terms of service. Watch for it. Order extra copies to give to your friends.

Publications Received

A word is in order about an unusually beautiful Bible, with which we would like our friends to be familiar. Through the kindness of our brother in Portugal, Rev. Guido Waldemar Oliveira, we have received a copy of: "The Bible, Authorized Version, edited by John Stirling, drawings by Horace Knowles; London, The British and Foreign Bible Society, 1954." To begin with (and our readers must understand the sense in which we say this), the volume does not, on the outside, *look* like a Bible. Bound in dull blue cloth, with gold lettering on the spine which reads simply, "The Bible," without the adjective "Holy" (which is so traditional that it has perhaps become meaningless), the volume attracts rather than repels the uninitiated. The text is that of the Authorized Version, as indicated above, but is printed in convenient paragraphs with tersely worded headings. Most outstanding, however, are the illustrations by Horace Knowles. They combine the velvety texture of an old woodcut with the sharp clearness of modern three-dimensional camera work. We open to the frontispiece, which shows the children of Israel passing through the desert. Here all is life and movement: the wagon climbs the hill, the camel braces himself beneath his load, the Israelite in the foreground shouts a command to his brother. Open the book almost anywhere, and the illustrations bring the text to life. When Job says (21.18), "They are as stubble before the wind," a tiny illustration, barely more than half an inch in height, is inserted, and miraculously, the stubble *does* bow before the wind. Elsewhere, trees grow, produce their leaves, vines bear grapes, men laugh and weep, while decorative maps and little "milestones" here and there indicate locations and distances. American readers can undoubtedly obtain this exquisite volume from the American Bible Society's New York office.

In paying tribute to new friends, let us not forget the old. Once more we wish to speak about the Weymouth New Testament, which we have loved for forty years: "The New Testament in Modern Speech, an idiomatic translation into everyday English, from the text of the Resultant Greek Testament, by the late Richard Francis Weymouth, M.A., D.Lit.; newly revised by James Alexander Robertson; fifth edition, Boston: The Pilgrim Press, 1943" (available from Harper and Brothers, New York). This is no modernistic attempt to shear the authoritative text of its miraculous qualities. Its fidelity to the original text is very great, as shown by careful notes throughout, and its language brings that text to life. Here, in modern English that is simple, clear, and unbelievably beautiful, a window is opened, and we look through it and see, as the disciples saw, Jesus walking in Galilee. Familiar texts take on new significance, as their true meanings are revealed, and whole books call for reading at a single sitting. This is a beautiful gift for old or young, for the child, for the skeptic, for the bereaved; for anyone, — and for yourself.

There are also ideal Christmas gifts for that German-speaking friend whom you wish to lead to Christ, but with whom you find it so difficult to talk. We have before spoken of the volume entitled "Fürchte dich nicht, glaube nur" (Fear Not, Only Believe), by Pastor Bernhard Götze, our former associate. This book is perhaps more suited to the needs of the believer than of the inquirer, but it has much to offer to both, with its daily Scripture references and lucid expositions, developing the central theme that one is to trust in God without fear. This same doctrine, in its practical outworking, also runs through the whole course of Pastor Götze's autobiography, "Mein Gotterleben" (My Experience of God). Like the earlier book, it is beautifully

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, August-September, 1954. (The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

37437----.60	37452-$10.00	37467-$15.00	37482-$25.00
37438--10.00	37453--10.00	37468---5.00	37483--50.00
37439---2.00	37454--50.00	37469---5.00	37484--15.00
37440---5.00	37455---1.00	37470---5.00	37485--10.00
37441--15.00	37456---9.00	37471---5.00	37486---5.00
37442--50.00	37457---6.00	37472--10.00	37487---5.00
37443---2.00	37458---5.00	37473--10.00	37488--30.00
37444--10.00	37459---2.00	37474--50.00	37489--35.00
37445--75.00	37460--75.00	37475-100.00	37490---6.00
37446--25.00	37461--35.00	37476---5.00	37491---1.10
37447-100.00	37462---1.00	37477--10.00	37492---5.00
37448--10.00	37463--15.00	37478---6.00	37493--10.00
37449--15.00	37464--10.00	37479--75.00	37494--10.00
37450--10.00	37465--50.00	37480--65.00	37495--75.00
37451--50.00	37466---1.00	37481---5.00	37496---2.00

printed and bound. The author here traces his early life and education, his conversion (after a conversation with the local minister who would rather eat than deal with the fourteen-year-old inquirer), his determination to give his full time to the Lord's work, his training, and his many years of rich service on various mission fields. Prison and exile have not been wanting among his "experiences of God." Pastor Götze writes well and clearly, in language that offers no barrier to even an imperfect student of German; and certain passages, because of their very simplicity, attain a high dramatic quality. Such are the accounts of his premonition of an impending airplane disaster (pp. 77-79); his astonishing experience in a Swedish hotel, where he found a room ready and waiting for him, though no human agency, that he could possibly trace, had made the reservation (pp. 84-87); the lyrically beautiful tale of the mysterious stranger (should we write "Stranger"?) who guided the fugitive family through dangerous territory during the second World War (pp. 99-102); the sudden reunion with his son Paul at the Northeim railway station in 1947 (pp. 106-108); and the touching description of the home-going of his daughter Lilli (pp. 128-132). This is a big little book, and we find in the author a rare combination—he is at once a deeply spiritual Christian, and an excellent administrator and business man. Our friends will join us in praying for God's blessing upon his new work in Canada. Please, if you wish to order either of Pastor Götze's books, reviewed here, send, not to the Fellowship, but direct to Rev. Bernhard Götze, 48 Alma Street, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada. The book of devotions retails at $2.00; the life-story, at $1.25.

PLEASE PRAY MUCH for the work in the home office of the Fellowship, as the task of preparing the Christmas letters and literature goes forward,—asking that the Lord's will be done in all things. This material should be in your hands before you receive another copy of the magazine.